

S A U L,
A N
O R A T O R I O;
O R,
S A C R E D D R A M A.

Set to Music by

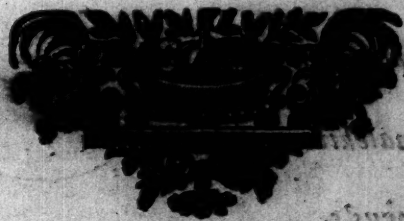
Mr. H A N D E L,

And Perform'd by the

Academy of ANCIENT MUSIC,

On Thursday, April 24, 1740.

42-9-28-113
WITCH OF ENDOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXL.

Dramatis Personæ.

SAUL.

JONATHAN.

DAVID.

High Priest.

ABIATHAR.

ABNER.

MERAB.

MICHAEL.

DOEG.

WITCH of Endor.

Apparition of SAMUEL.

Amalekite.

Chorus's.



N. B. *All the Lines mark'd with an Asterism (*) before them, are left out in the Performance.*

S A U L,
AN ORATORIO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An EPINICION, or Song of Triumph, for the Victory
over *Goliab* and the *Philistines*.

I.

HOW excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!

II.

An Infant rais'd by thy Command
To quell thy Rebel Foes,
Could fierce *Goliab's* dreadful Hand
Superior in the Fight oppose.

III.

Along the Monster Atheist strode
With more than human Pride,
And Armies of the Living God
Exulting in his Strength defy'd.

IV.

The Youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With Ease the Boaster slew,
Our fainting Courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious Crew.

A

How

*How excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!*

Hallelujah.

SCENE II.

SAUL, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, &c. ABNER introducing DAVID, High Priest.

Michal. He comes!

*O God-like Youth! by all confess'd,
Of Human Race the Pride!
O Virgin among Women best,
Whom Heav'n brags thy Bride!*

*But ah! how strong a Bar I see
Betwixt my Happiness and me!*

*Abner. Behold, O King, the brave, victorious Youth,
And in his Hand the naughty Giant's Head.*

Saul. Young Man, whose Son art thou?

David. The Son of Jesse,

Thy faithful Servant, and a Bethlemite.

*Saul. Return no more to Jesse: Stay with me,
And as an Earnest of my future Favour
Thou shalt espouse my Daughter: Small Reward
Of such Desert! since to thy Arm alone
We owe our Safety, Peace, and Liberty.*

DAVID.

*O King, your Favours with Delight
I take, but must refuse your Praise:
For ev'ry pious Israelite
To God alone that Tribute pays.
Through him we put to flight our Foes,
And in his Name*

We trod them under that against us rose.

Jonathan. O early Piety! O modest Merit!

In this Embrace my Heart bestows it self.

*Henceforth, thou noble Youth, accept my Friendship,
And Jonathan and David are but one.*

MERAB

MERAB.

- *What abject Thoughts a Prince can have,*
- *In Rank a Prince! in Mind a Slave!*

Yet think on whom this Honour you bestow
How poor in Fortune and in Birth how low!

JONATHAN.

Birth and Fortune I despise!

[To Merab.

From Virtue let my Friendship rise.

No Titles proud thy Stem adorn;

[To David.

Yet born of God is nobly born:

And of his Gifts so rich thy Store,

That Ophir to thy Wealth is poor.

High Pr. Go on, illustrious Pair! your great Example
Shall teach our Youth to scorn the sordid World,
And set their Hearts on Things of real Worth.

I.

While yet thy Tide of Blood runs high,

To God thy future Life devote:

Thy early Vigour all apply

His Glorious Service to promote.

II.

So shall thy Great Creator bless

And bid thy Days serenely flow:

So shall thy youthful Happiness

In Age no Diminution know:

III.

With sweet Reflection thou shalt taste,

Declining gently to thy Tomb,

The Pleasure of good Actions past,

And hope with Rapture Joys to come.

Saul. Thou, Merab, first in Birth, be first in Honour:

Thine be the valiant Youth, whose Arm has saved

Thy Country from her Foes.

Merab. aside.) O mean Alliance!

My Soul rejects the Thought with Scorn,

That such a Boy, 'till now unknown,

Of poor, Plebeian Parents born,

Should mix with Royal Blood his own!

Tho'

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*Tho' Saul's Commands I can't decline,
I must prevent his low Design,
And save the Honour of his Line.*

M I C H A L.

*See with what a scornful Air
She the precious Gift receives!
Tho' e'er so Noble, or so Fair,
She cannot merit what he gives.
Ah! lovely Youth! wast thou design'd
With that proud Beauty to be join'd?*

S C E N E III.

SAUL, MICHAL, &c. Chorus of Women.

*Mich. Already see, the Daughters of the Land,
In joyful Dance, with Instruments of Musick
Come to congratulate your Victory.*

CHORUS of Women alternately.

I.

*Welcome, welcome, mighty King!
Welcome all who Conquest bring.*

II.

*Welcome, David, warlike Boy,
Author of our present Joy!*

III.

*Saul, who hast thy Thousands slain,
Welcome to thy Friends again!*

IV.

*David his Ten thousands slew;
Ten thousand Praises are his due!*

*Saul. What do I hear? Am I then sunk so low,
To have this upstart Boy preferr'd before me?*

- * *To him Ten thousands! and to me but Thousands?*
- * *What can they give him more? except the Kingdom?*
 - * *With Rage I shall burst his Praises to hear!*
 - * *Oh! how I both hate the Stripling, and fear!*
 - * *What Mortal a Rival in Glory can bear?*

[Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Jonath. Imprudent Women? your ill-tim'd Comparisons,
I fear, have injur'd him you meant to honour.

Saul's furious Look, as he departed hence,
Too plainly shew'd the Tempest of his Soul.

Mich. 'Tis but his old Disease, which thou canst cure. [*To David.*

O take thy Harp, and as thou oft hast done,

From the King's Breast expel the raging Fiend,

And sooth his tortur'd Soul with Sounds Divine. [*Exit. David.*

*Fell Rage and black Despair possess
With horrid Sway the Monarch's Breast;
When David with Celestial Fire
Struck the sweet persuasive Lyre:
Soft gliding down his ravish'd Ears,
The healing Sounds dispel his Cares;
Despair and Rage at once are gone,
And Peace and Hope resume the Throne.*

S C E N E V.

SAUL, DAVID, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL ABNER,
High Priest, ABIATHAR.

Abiath. Rack'd with Infernal Pains ev'n now the King
Comes forth, and mutters horrid Words, which Hell,
No human Tongue, has taught him.

DAVID.

O Lord, whose Mercies numberless
O'er all thy Works prevail,
Tho' daily Man thy Law transgress,
Thy Patience cannot fail:
If yet his Sin be not too great,
The busy Fiend controul,
Yet longer for Repentance wait,
And heal his wounded Soul.

Jonath. 'Tis all in vain, his Fury still continues:
With wild Distraction on my Friend he stares,
Stamps on the Ground, and seems intent on Mischief.

B

SAUL.

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SAUL.

*A Serpent in my Bosom warm'd
Would sting me to the Heart;
But of his Venom soon disarm'd,
Himself shall feel the Smart.
Ambitious Boy! now learn, what Danger
It is to rouse a Monarch's Anger!*

[Throws his Javelin. Exit David.]

Has he escap'd my Rage?
I charge thee, Jonathan, upon thy Duty,
And All, on your Allegiance, to destroy
This bold, aspiring Youth: for while he lives,
I am not safe. Reply not, but obey.

[Exit.]

MERAB.

- * Capricious Man, in Humour lost,
- * By ev'ry Wind of Passion tost,
- * Now sets his Vassal on the Throne,
- * Then low as Earth he casts him down:
- * His Temper knows no middle State,
- * Extreme alike in Love or Hate.

SCENE VI.

JONATHAN.

O Filial Piety! O Sacred Friendship!
How shall I reconcile you?—Cruel Father!
Your just Commands I always have obey'd;
But to destroy my Friend! the Brave, the Virtuous,
The God-like David! Israel's Defender,
And Terror of her Foes!—to disobey You—
What shall I call it?—'Tis an Act of Duty
To God—to David—nay, indeed to You.

No, cruel Father, no:
Your hard Commands I can't obey.
Shall I with sacrilegious Blow
Take Pious David's Life away!
No; with my Life I must defend
Against the World my best, my dearest Friend.

High-Priest.

- * O Lord, whose Providence
- * Ever wakes for their Defence,
- * Who the Ways of Virtue choose;

*Let

• *Let not thy faithful Servant fall*
 • *A Victim to the Rage of Saul,*
 • *Who bates without a Cause,*
 • *And, in Defiance of thy Law,*
 • *His precious Life pursues.*

CHORUS.

*Preserve him for the Glory of thy Name,
 Thy People's Safety, and the Heathen's Shame.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CHORUS.

E*NVY! Eldest-born of Hell!*
Cease in human Breasts to dwell.
Ever at all Good repining,
Still the Happy undermining!
God and Man by thee infested,
Thou by God and Man detested!
Most thyself thou dost torment,
At once the Crime and Punishment.
Hide thee in the blackest Night:
Virtue sickens at thy sight!
Hence, thou Eldest-born of Hell!
Cease in human Breasts to dwell.

SCENE II.

JONATHAN and DAVID.

Jonath. Ah! dearest Friend, undone by too much Virtue!
 Think you, an Evil Spirit was the Cause
 Of all my Father's Rage? It was indeed
 A Spirit of Envy, and of mortal Hate.
 He has resolv'd your Death; and sternly charg'd
 His whole Retinue, me especially,
 To execute his Vengeance,

*But sooner Jordan's Stream, I swear,
 Back to his Spring shall swiftly roll,
 Than I consent to hurt a Hair
 Of thee, thou Darling of my Soul.*

David.

David. O strange Vicissitude! But Yesterday
He thought me worthy of his Daughter's Love,
To Day he seeks my Life.

Jonath. My Sister *Merab*, by his own Gift thy Right,
He has bestow'd on *Adriel*.

David. O, my Prince, would that were all!
It would not grieve me much. The scornful Maid
(Didst thou observe?) with such disdainful Pride
Receiv'd the King's Command! — but lovely *Micbal*,
As mild as she is fair, out-strips all Praise.

*Such haughty Beauties rather move
Aversion, than engage our Love.*

*They only can our Cares beguile,
Who gently speak, and sweetly smile.*

*If Virtue in that Dress appear,
Who, that sees, can Love forbear?*

Jonath. My Father comes. Retire, my Friend, while I
With peaceful Accents try to calm his Rage.

[Exit David.]

SCENE III.

SAUL and JONATHAN.

Saul. Hast thou obey'd my Orders, and destroy'd
My mortal Enemy, the Son of *Jesse*?

Jonath. Alas, my Father! He your Enemy?

Say rather, he has done important Service

To you, and to the Nation; hazarded

His Life for both, and slain our Giant Foe,

Whose Presence made the boldest of us tremble.

Sin not, O King, against the Youth,

Who ne'er offended you:

Think, to his Loyalty and Truth

What great Rewards are due!

Think, with what Joy this God-like Man

You saw, that glorious Day!

Think, and with Ruin, if you can,

Such Services repay.

SAUL.

As Great Jehovah lives, I swear,

The Youth shall not be slain:

Bid him return, and void of Fear

Adorn our Court again.

JONA-

[II]

JONATHAN.

*From Cities storm'd, and Battles won,
What Glory can accrue?
By this the Hero best is known;
He can himself subdue.
Wiseſt and greateſt of his Kind,
Who can in Reason's Fetters bind
The Madneſs of his angry Mind!*

Appear, my Friend.

SCENE IV.

Enter DAVID.

Saul. No more imagine Danger:
Be First in our Esteem; with wonted Valour
Repel the Insults of the *Philistines*:
And, as a Proof of my Sincerity,
(O Hardneſs to diſſemble!) inſtantly
Eſpouſe my Daughter *Michal*.

DAVID.

*Your Words. O King, my Loyal Heart
With double Ardor fire:
If God his uſual Aid impart,
Your Foes ſhall feel what you inſpire..
In all the Dangers of the Field,
The Great Jehovah is my Shield.*

[Exeunt Dav. and Jon.]

Saul. Yes, he ſhall wed my Daughter!—but how long
Shall he enjoy her?—He ſhall lead my Armies!
But have the *Philistines* no Darts—no Swords,
To pierce the Heart of *David*—Yes, this once
To them I leave him; they ſhall do me Right! [Exit.]

SCENE V.

DAVID and MICHAL.

Mich. A Father's Will has authoriz'd my Love:
No longer, *Michal*, then attempt to hide
The Secret of thy Soul, I love thee, *David*,

And

And long have lov'd. Thy Virtue was the Cause;
And that be my Defence.

Duet.

Mich. O Fairest of ten thousand fair,
Yet for thy Virtue more admir'd!
Thy Words and Actions all declare
The Wisdom by thy God inspir'd.

David. O lovely Maid! thy Form behold,
Above all Beauty charms our Eyes;
Yet still within that Form conceal'd
Thy Mind, a greater Beauty, lies.

Both. How well in Thee does Heav'n at last
Compensate all my Sorrows past.

[Exit.]

CHORUS.

Is there a Man, who all his Ways
Directs, his God alone to please?
In vain his Foes against him move:
Superior Pow'r their Hate disarms;
He makes them yield to Virtue's Charms,
And melts their Fury down to Love.

SCENE VI.

DAVID and MICHAL.

* David. Thy Father is as cruel, and as false,
* As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd him
* New from the Slaughter of his Enemies,
* His Eyes with Fury flam'd; his Arm he rais'd,
* With Rage grown stronger; by my guiltless Head
* The Javelin whizzing flew, and in the Wall
* Mock'd once again his Impotence of Malice.

* At Persecution I can laugh;
* No Fear my Soul can move,
* In God's Protection safe,
* And blest in Michal's Love.

* Mich. Ah! dearest Youth! for thee I fear!
* Fly! — be gone! — for Death is near!

DAVID.

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DAVID.

- * Fear not, lovely Fair, for me:
- * Death, where thou art, cannot be.
- * Smile, and Danger is no more.

MICHAL.

- * Fly—for Death is at the Door!
- * See, the murderous Band comes on!
- * Stay no longer! Fly?—be gone!

SCENE VII.

MICHAL. and DOEG.

Micb. Whom dost thou seek? And who has sent thee hither?

Doeg. I seek for David; and am sent by Saul.

Micb. Thy Errand.

Doeg. 'Tis a Summons to the Court.

Micb. Say, he is sick.

Doeg. In Sicknes, or in Health,

Alive, or dead, he must be brought to Saul.

Shew me his Chamber.

[David's Bed discover'd with an Image in it.]

Do you mock the King?

This Disappointment will enrage him more:

Then tremble for th' Event.

[Exit.]

MICHAL.

No; let the Guilty tremble

At ev'ry thought of Danger near.

Tho' Numbers, arm'd with Death, assemble,

My Innocence disdains to fear.

Tho' great their Power as their Spite,

Undaunted still remains my Soul;

For greater is Jehovah's Might,

And will their lawless Force controul.

SCENE VIII.

MERAB.

Mean as he was, he is my Brother now,
My Sister's Husband; and, to speak the Truth,

Has

Has Qualities which Justice bids me love,
 And pity his Distress. My Father's Cruelty
 Strikes me with Horror! At th' approaching Feast
 I fear some dire Event, unless my Brother,
 His Friend, the faithful Jonathan, avert
 Th' impending Ruine. I know, he'll do his best.

*Author of Peace, who canst controul
 Every Passion of the Soul;
 To whose good Spirit alone we owe
 Words that sweet as Honey flow:
 With thy dear Influence his Tongue be fill'd,
 And cruel Wrath thy soft Persuasion yield.*

SCENE IX.

SAUL at the Feast of the New Moon,

*The Time at length is come, when I shall take
 My full Revenge on Jesse's Son.
 No longer shall the Stripling make
 His Sov'reign totter on the Throne.
 He dies — this Blaster of my Fame,
 Bane of my Peace, and Author of my Shame.*

SCENE X.

SAUL, JONATHAN, &c.

Saul. Where is the Son of Jesse? Comes he not
 To grace our Feast?

Jonathan. He earnestly ask'd Leave
 To go to Bethlehem, where his Father's House
 At solemn Rites of annual Sacrifice
 Requir'd his Presence.

Saul. O Perverse! Rebellious!
 Thinkest thou, I do not know, that thou hast chose
 The Son of Jesse to thy own Confusion?
 The World will say, thou art no Son of mine,
 Who thus canst love the Man I hate; the Man,
 Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy Crown.
 Send, fetch him hither; for the Wretch must die.

Jonath.

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Jonath. What has he done? And wherefore must he die?

Saul. Dar'st thou oppose my Will? Die then thy self.

[*Throws his Javelin. Exit. Jonathan, then Saul.*]

CHORUS.

O fatal Consequence

Of Rage, by Reason uncontroll'd!

With ev'ry Law he can dispense;

No Ties the furious Monster hold:

From Crime to Crime he blindly goes,

Nor End, but with his own Destruction, knows.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SAUL disguis'd at Endor,

WRETCH that I am! of my own Ruin Author!
Where are my old Supports? The valliant Youth,

Whose very Name was Terror to my Foes,

My Rage has drove away. Of God forsaken,

In vain I ask his Counsel! He vouchsafes

No Answer to the Sons of Disobedience!

Ev'n my own Courage fails me! — Can it be?

Is *Saul* become a Coward? — I'll not believe it!

If Heav'n denies thee Aid, seek it from Hell!

'Tis said, here lives a Woman, close Familiar

With th' Enemy of Mankind. Her I'll consult,

And know the Worst. Her Art is Death by Law;

And while I minded Law, sure Death attended

Such horrid Practices: Yet, O hard Fate!

My self am now reduc'd to ask the Counsel

Of those I once abhorr'd!

SCENE II.

SAUL and the Witch of Endor.

Witch. With me what would'st thou?

Saul

Saul. I wou'd, that by thy Art thou bring me up

The Man whom I shall name.

Witch. Alas! thou know'st

How *Saul* has cut off those who use this Art.

Would'st thou insnare me?

Saul. As *Jehovah* lives,

On this Account no Mischief shall befall thee.

Witch. Whom shall I bring up to thee?

Saul. Bring up *Samuel*.

Witch.

Infernal Spirits, by whose Power

Departed Ghosts in living Forms appear,

Add Horror to the Midnight Hour,

And chill the boldest Hearts with Fear:

To this Stranger's wond'ring Eyes

Let the Prophet Samuel rise.

SCENE III.

Apparition of SAMUEL, SAUL.

Sam. Why hast thou forc'd me from the Realms of Peace

Back to this World of Woe?

Saul. O holy Prophet!

Refuse me not thy Aid in this Distress.

The num'rous *Epe* stands ready for the *Battle*

God has forsaken me: No more He answers

By Prophets or by Dreams: No Hope remains,

Unless I learn of thee what Course to take.

Sam. Hath God forsaken thee? And dost thou ask

My Counsel? Did I not foretel thy Fate,

When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare

The curst *Amalekite*, and on the Spoil

Didst fly rapacious? Therefore God this Day

Hath verif'd my Words in thy Destruction;

Hath rent the Kingdom from thee, and bestow'd it

On *David*, whom thou hatest for his Virtue.

Thou

Thou and thy Sons shall be with me To-morrow,
And Israel by Philistine Arms shall fall.
The Lord hath said it : He will make it good.

SCENE IV.

DAVID, &c. To them an Amalekite.

David. Whence comest thou ?

Amal. Out of the Camp of Israel.

David. Thou canst inform me then : How went the Battle ?

Amal. The People, put to flight, in Numbers fell,
And Saul and Jonathan his Son, are dead.

David. Alas ! my Brother ! — But how know'st thou
That they are dead ?

Amal. Upon Mount Gilboa

I met with Saul, just fall'n upon his Spear.

Swiftly the Foe pursu'd. He cry'd to me,

Begg'd me to finish his imperfect Work,

And end a Life of Pain and Ignominy.

I knew he could not live, and therefore slew him ;

Took from his Head the Crown, and from his Arms

The Bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.

David. Whence art thou ?

Amal. I am an Amalekite.

DAVID:

Impious Wretch, of Race accurst !

And of all that Race the worst ?

How hast thou dar'd to lift thy Sword

Against th' Anointed of the Lord ?

Fall on him — smite him — let him die ; [To one of his At-

On thy own Head thy Blood will lie ; tendants, who kills

Since thy own Mouth has testify'd, the Amalekite.

By Thee the Lord's Anointed dy'd.

SCENE

SCENE V.

ELEGY on the Death of SAUL and JONATHAN.

I.

MOURN, Israel, mourn, thy Beauty lost,
 Thy choicest Youth on Gilboa slain.
 How have thy fairest Hopes been crost!
 What Heaps of mighty Warriors strow the Plain!

II.

- O let it not in Gath be heard,
- * The News in Askelon let none proclaim;
- * Lest we, whom once so much they fear'd,
- * Be by their Women now despis'd,
- * And lest the Daughters of th' Uncircumcis'd
- * Rejoice and triumph in our Shame.

III.

- From this unhappy Day,
- * No more, ye Gilboan Hills, on you
- * Descend refreshing Rain or kindly Dew,
- * Which erst your Heads with Plenty crown'd;
- * Since there the Shield of Saul, in Arms renown'd,
- * Was vilely cast away.

IV.

Brave Jonathan his Bow ne'er drew,
 But wing'd with Death his Arrow flew,
 And drank the Blood of slaughter'd Foes:
 Nor drew Great Saul his Sword in vain;
 It reek'd, where'er he dealt his Blows,
 With Entrails of the mighty Slain.

V. Eagles

V.

*Eagles were not so swift as they,
Nor Lions with so strong a Grasp held fast and tore the Prey.*

VI.

*In sweetest Harmony they liv'd,
Nor Death their Union cou'd divide:
The pious Son ne'er left his Father's Side,
But him defending bravely dy'd:
A Loss too great to be surviv'd!*

VII.

*For Saul, ye Maids of Israel, moan,
To whose indulgent Care
You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has shone.*

VIII.

*O fatal Day! How low the mighty lie!
O Jonathan! how nobly didst thou die,
For thy King and Country slain!
For thee, my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my Distress!
What Language can my Grief express!
Great was the Pleasure I enjoy'd in thee!
And more than Woman's Love thy wondrous Love to me!*

IX.

*O fatal Day! How low the Mighty lie!
Where, Israel, is thy Glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy Arms, and sunk in Infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping Head!*

ABIATHAR.

ABIATHAR:

*Ye Men of Judah, weep no more;
 Let Gladness reign in all our Host;
 For pious David will restore
 What Saul by Disobedience lost.
 The Lord of Hosts is David's Friend,
 And Conquest will his Arms attend.*

CHORUS.

*Gird on thy Sword, thou Man of Might,
 Pursue thy wonted Fame:
 Go on, be prosperous in Fight,
 Retrieve the Hebrew Name.
 Thy strong Right-Hand, with Terror arm'd,
 Shall thy obdurate Foes dismay;
 While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
 Shall crowd to own thy Righteous Sway.*



F I N I S.